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be taught, so that each word, with very few exceptions, shall be transferred into the other language by a single word, in doing which, the idiom of the original is always to be sacrificed to that of the language to be taught.

By means of a vocabulary acquired through the medium of this verbal analysis, the teacher proceeds to the classification of words, and thence to their combination, until, by oral and written composition, the learner has acquired the power of speaking and writing and thinking in the new language. In this process, grammar is not rejected, except as a preliminary, and as to the dead languages, the system states that there is but one means of retaining and augmenting a due supply of words in any of them, namely, that of reading much. When the student has gone through thirty volumes, and not sooner, he will have of necessity acquired a great number of words, and more especially such as recur most frequently, and therefore are most necessary to be known.

From the very brief statement we have thus been able to make, it will appear that the merit of the invention does not rest in the discovery of a new principle, but in a new combination of those already recognized. With respect to its intrinsic value, as a means for facilitating the knowledge of languages, and the consequent communication of thought throughout the great family of civilized society, we would be much more inclined to decide by the practical use made of it by teachers, than by any theoretical comments on its advantages. On this latter point Mr. Hamilton has said much, indeed a great deal too much, and in a tone little suited to attract the attention of the judicious, or to qualify the prejudices of the ignorant; but the system is in course of trial; it has been found to a certain degree useful; it is like other new inventions capable of still greater extension, and therefore it is entitled, we conceive, to our good opinion, as far as its utility has been proved by experience, and to a well-grounded expectation that it may be rendered still more effective towards the attainment of its object.

The work immediately before us, which has served as a text for the preceding observations, is the well-known history of Little Jack, written by the equally well-known author of that most entertaining work the history of Sandford and Merton; and it is now published by Mr. Skene both in English and German, according to what he deems the best method for instructing German students in the English language.

Tales of the Colonies; by John Howison, Author of Sketches of Upper Canada. 2 vols. post 8vo.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

THESE volumes contain four stories: the Island, Sablegrove, One False Step, and the Colambolo. The first is a history of the adventures of a half-pay navy lieutenant who lived on the dreariest part of the northern coast of Ireland for cheapness, till happening to fall in with an old American buccaneer, who had buried a quantity of bullion in a very small island in Alhambra bay on the coast of Spanish-America, he obtains from him the requisite information as to the precise site of the hidden treasure, and sets off in search of the same. Part of his outward voyage to Vera Cruz is made in company with a very agreeable young Peruvian lady who speedily betrays rather unequivocal symptoms of a penchant for the lieutenant, and as her

husband, an old Spanish Don, is complaisant enough to die of a fever soon after their arrival, the gold-finder gathers up the gotten, marries the widow, and all is well. Sablegrove is a tale of passion and crime, the scene of which is laid in the West Indies. One False Step, is the history of a young gentleman who is exported to New South Wales for putting another man's name to a piece of stamped paper instead of his own, which in his humility he deemed a less attractive signature. The author seems to be of opinion that he continued rather a respectable sort of gentleman nevertheless, and that fortune used him very unkindly because society resisted all his efforts to raise himself again in its esteem. Colambolo is the name of a race of people said to be peculiar to Brazil: it is applied to those negroes who in consequence of ill usage or an impatience of forced labour, have fled from their owners and concealed themselves in the forests, where they commonly lead the life of a solitary beast of prey, eating their food raw, and lodging in caves or the hollows of trees, avoiding all intercourse with men, and eventually forgetting the use of language, and losing almost all human faculties except those exercised in self-preservation. These volumes certainly contain the materials of powerful and effective stories, but the materials are not very skilfully employed.

The Aldine Edition of the British Poets. The Poems of Burns; 2 Vols. Pickering, London.

A complete uniform edition of our poets, with well written Memoirs, handsomely printed and not unreasonably dear, was still a desideratum in English literature which this 'library' of Pickering bids fair to supply. A volume is to be published monthly, of a size and price corresponding to those of the Waverley Novels and the Family Library: an original memoir of each author will be given; that of Burns is very well done. A portrait of each is also promised. The name is taken from that of the well known printers who were so famous at Venice, when their art was in its infancy. The early volumes are to be appropriated to the popular and standard poets of the last century, and both the design and execution, so far, merit our applause.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The Magazines for the present month are more than usually light and amusing, but they do not contain any articles of striking interest. Fraser's is, perhaps, the most amusing of its class. It contains a severe article on the anti-slavery society, and Mr. Lytton Bulwer is again tossed in the critical blanket with great nerve of arm, and energy of will. Fraser, we perceive, is fond of following in our wake in literary criticism, notwithstanding the well-merited castigation we have sometimes bestowed upon him in other matters. This number also contains a whole-length sketch of Mr. Jerdan, forming, as we presume from the accompanying memoir, the first of a series of literary portraits, truly and not metaphorically so called. It is not a bad likeness, though a little verging on the caricature; and the biography annexed is written in a style of good-humoured banter, at which the equally good-humoured original will be the last man to feel offended. This periodical is fast rising into that prominent rank which the talent it exhibits must ultimately se-

cure it. *Blackwood* has this month given us less of politics than he has latterly been in the habit of indulging in, and so far the number is all the better; still it is a heavy one, and some of the articles, the *Noctes* especially, much too lengthy: both North and the shepherd harangue rather than converse, and their subjects are not of the most interesting description; the adventures of the *Baron St. Gio* will, however, afford a great treat to the lovers of mystery and murder. The *New Monthly* commences with some speculations on the Greek negociation, which, by the altered aspect of affairs in that country, are rendered obsolete: there is a good story of the mystification of a French actor by the late Emperor Paul—and the number altogether is a lively one. The *United Service Journal* will be read with much interest this month, especially its account of New Zealand in 1829, with the capture of the brig *Hawes* by the natives; there is also a biographical notice of the late Sir Hew Dalrymple, from the pen of his son, the present baronet. The *Gardener's Magazine* has a continuation of its former article on the anatomy of the Vine, by Mr. Capper, of Bath, which exhibits a degree of patient examination and research on the part of the author, rarely met with even among physiologists; his remarks upon that useful root the potato, now become an absolute necessary of life, are extremely useful. The *Ladies' Magazine*, with which we shall conclude our London list for the present, is embellished with a very beautiful print of Miss Fanny Woodham, from a painting by Mrs. Turnbull, in addition to the usual highly finished plate of female costume. It also contains a tolerably good ghost story, told with some humour: some pretty verses, an unpublished tale from that hitherto scarce half-explored mine of amusement, the *Arabian Nights*, and it is altogether a pleasing and elegant companion for the Boudoir. *Periodical Literature* is generally said to be on the decline, but we confess we see little reason to think so, from our hasty glance at the British periodicals for the month, which we have only received when going to press, though before they had reached any one else in Ireland.—

In Dublin the *Christian Examiner* holds on the even tenor of its way, neither soaring nor sinking: the *Dublin Monthly Magazine* on the other hand has perished. This was almost to be expected; there was a want of fixed purpose about it which could not but prove fatal. It was neither fish nor flesh—neither a religious nor political Magazine, though it dabbled a little in both. The death-note is sounded on the covers of the Number this day published, in the following terms:

"In announcing the termination of their labours, the Editors of the *Dublin Monthly Magazine* beg to return their thanks to the subscribers and friends by whom it was supported. They resign, not without regret, an employment in which, while no small amount of time and labour was expended, they found much to interest them; and the difficulties and perplexities of which were more than counterbalanced by the hope of doing good. They feel much indebted, also, to those whose contributions to its pages formed the principal value of the work; and hope that some more successful channel may be opened, through which they may still be enabled to instruct and improve their countrymen."

We forgot to mention that the *Limerick Magazine* died of our first notice.